Unswer

When a remedy has lived for over thirty years, steadily rowing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon ousands of women declare they owe their very lives to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great

We challenge the world to show any other one remedy for a special class of disease which has attained such an normous demand and maintained it for so many years as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the famous woman's remedy for woman's ills. Unless it is a very good medicine and the claims made for it are honest, such a record would have been impossible—fraud or misrepresentations would long ago have been detected and the business gone into oblivion. Read this unsolicited letter:-

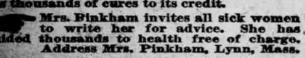
Melbourne, Iowa:—"I suffered for many years with female oubles, inflammation, and bearing-down pains, so that I was able to do my work."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and I am so thankful for the great good it has done me. I feel that I am a living advertisement for this medicine as I have aftened so many of my friends to use it, so thankful am I hat it restored me to health."—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. D. 1, felbourne, Iowa.

When a woman like Mrs. Watermann is generous enough to write such a letter as the above for publication, she should at least be given credit for a sincere desire to help other suffering women. For we assure you there is no other reason why she should court such publicity.

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WANT ADVS. ONE CENT A WORD.

LADY ATHLYNE

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(Continued.) "Tell me exactly what you see! Tell me everything no matter how small, I shall perhaps understand better that

Judy paused a while, looking at the young girl lovingly. Then she spoke in a level absent voice as though un-

"I don't see a child-now. I see a "I don't see a child—now. I see a young woman of twenty; and a fine well-grown young woman at that. Look at her figure, straight and clean as a young pine. Type of figure that is the most alluring of all to me; what the French call fausse maigre. She has great gray eyes as deep as the sky or the sea; eyes that can drag the soul out of a man's body and throw it down hencath her dainty feet. I may be an beneath her dainty feet. I may be an old maid; but I know that much anyhow. Her hair is black—that isn't black, but with a softness that black cannot give. Her skin is like ivory seen in the sunset. Her mouth is like a crimson rosebud. Her teeth are like pearls, and her ears like pink shell. Her head is poised on her graceful neck like a lily on its stem. Her nose is a fine aquiline—that means power and determination. Her forehead can wrinkle—that means thought, and may mean misery. Her hands are long and fine; patrician hands that can endure—and suffer. Sally, there is there the making of a splendid woman and of a poble life; she is not out of fer girlmaking of a splendid woman and of a noble life; she is not out of her girlhood yet, but she is very near it. Ignorance is no use to her. She will understand; and then she will take her own course. She has feeling deep and strong in the very marrow of her bones. Ah! my dear, and she has passion too. Passion that can make or mar. That woman will do anything for love. She can believe and trusts she will hold the man as her master: put

It was not merely that every moment was a new pleasure, a fresh delight to the eye; her heart was in some my-sterious way beginning to be afire. Hitherto her thoughts of that abstract

HANDS CRACKED

Itched and Burned Terribly—Arms
Affected, Too—Could Not Move
Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking -Sleep and Work Often Impossible—Was Fairly Worn Out.

CUTICURA SOON CURED HIS FEARFUL ECZEMA

"About a year ago an itching humor began to appear around the back of my hand. It started in to spread, and pretty soon it covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, as I was doing a good part of the time, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad in around the pit of my thumbs that I could not move the thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching and did not seem to heal my hands up at all. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep, often lying awake until well toward morning, then waking up still tired. I am a chef and steward by trade and I had to give up my place, as my hands were so terrible to look at that they did not like to have me around about the food. I could not bear to touch them with water, but when I positively had to get my hands clean I would rub them with water, but when I positively had to get my hands clean I would rub them with water and such remedies with no particular benefit. I did not know what to do, for I was fairly worn out. For a long time several friends kept asking me why I didn't use Cuticura and at last I thought I would. First I got the Cuticura Soap, then Cuticura Ointment and at last Cuticura Resolvent, I put the Cuticura Ointment on at night, covering my hands with light cotton gloves. In the morning the inside of the gloves would be lined with scales, sometimes half as long as your finger, leaving nice healed places where the scales had been. In a month I was cured and have kept so now for nine months. My hands and arms are perfectly clear of all traces of eczema and I think I am well rid of it. Walter H. Cox. 16 Somerset St., Boaton, Mass. Sept. 25, 1908."

Cuticura Remedies are seid throughout the world Mass. Matled Free, Cuticurs Booken Skin Disease.

rugged slope of rock and oleander at the wrinkled sea beneath, his image seemed to flit before the eyes of her soul in kaleidoscopic form. It was an instant of true feminine receptivity: the form did not matter, she was con-tent to accept the Man. The cause—the sudden cause of this change was her mother's attitude. She

The cause—the sudden cause of this change was her mother's attitude. She had accepted him as a reality and had not hesitated to condemn him as though he was a conscious participant in what had passed. Joy had found herself placed in a position in which she had to hear him unfairly treated, without being able to make any kind of protest. It was too ridiculous to argue. What on earth could her mothof protest. It was too ridiculous to argue. What on earth could her mother know about him that she should take it for granted that he had done wrong? He who had never seen her or even heard of her! He who was the very last man in the world to be wanting to a woman in the way of respect—of tenderness—of love. .

Here she started and looked around contiously as one does who is suspic-Here she started and looked around contiously as one does who is suspicious of being watched. For it flashed across her all at once that she knew no more of him than did her mother. As yet he was only an abstraction and her mother's conception of him differed from hers. And as she thought, and thought truly for she was a clever girl, she began to realize that she had and thought truly for she was a clever girl, she began to realize that she had all along been clothing an abstract individuality with her own wishes and dreams—and hopes. . . . The last thought brought her up sharply. With a quick chake of the head she threw aside for the present all thoughts on the subject, and impulsively went back to the carriage.

There were however a few root

There were however a few root thoughts left which would not be thrown aside. They could not be, for they were fixed in her womanhood. Another woman had accepted her

for love. She can believe and true, the for love is the can be an expected and true, while word and the word in th

Again and again she stopped, till at last she made up her mind to walk altogether until she should get tired. The driver took his cue from her movements when to stop and when to

Hitherto her thoughts of that abstract creation, Lord Athlyne, had been impersonal; an objective of her own unconscious desires, rather than a definite individuality. Up to now, though he had been often in her thoughts, he had never taken shape there. The image was so inchoate, indefinite, vague and nebulous. She had never tried or even wished to find for him in her imagination features or form. But now she had begun to picture him in various ways. As she stood beside the Moorish tower looking down across the yellow shoots of the new branches of the lemon cutting into the air like lances. Elsewhere beech and chestnut, oak and palm. Trailing over the rocks, both seaward and landward, creepers of soft green and pink. And above all, high up on the skyline, the semi-transparent, smoke-coloured foliage of the olives that crowned the slopes.

Then the town! Maggiore and Amaid

quaint close-drawn irregular relics of a more turbulent age, climbing up the chasms in the hillside. Narrow streets, so steep as to look impossible to traffic. Queer houses of all sorts of irregular design and variety of stone. Small windows, high doors, steep, rugged irregularly-sloping steps as though time and some mighty force had shaken the very rocks on which they were built. Joy felt as though she could stay there for ever, and that each day would be a dream, and each quaint close-drawn irregular relics of each day would be a dream, and each fresh exploration a time of delight. In her secret heart of hearts she registered a vow that if ever she should go on a wedding journey it should be to

At Amalfi they had tea, and then made un their minds that they would drive on to Salerno and there take train home; for it would be time to travel quick when so long a journey

travel quick when so long a journey had been taken.

When they were at the end of the peninsula a sudden storm came on. For awhile they had seen far out at sea a dark cloud gathering, but it was so far away that they did not think it would affect them. The driver knew and began to make ready, for there was no escaping from it. He turned his horse's heads to the rock and wedged up the wheels of the carriage with heavy stones so that in case the horses should get frightened their plunging could not be too harmful.

Heavier and heavier grew the cloud out at sea, and as it grew denser it out at sea, and as it grew denser it moved landward. Its grey changed to dark blue, and then a rich purple, almost black. A keen coldness presaged a coming storm.

There was stillness all round the mountain road; a positive desolation of

mountain road; a positive desolation of silence from which even the wondrous beauty of the scene could not distract beauty of the scene could not distract the mind. Joy absolutely refused to sit in the carriage which was now prop-erly hooded. She threw on the cloak which she had brought with her and stood out on the open road where she could enjoy the scene undisturbed by could enjoy the scene undisturbed by human proximity. As she stood, the velvet black clould was rent by a blinding sheet of lightning which seemed for a moment to be shaped like a fiery tree, roots upward in the sky. Close following came such a mighty Close following came such a mighty peal of thunder that her heart shook. Ordinarily Joy was not timorous, and for thunder she had no fear. But this was simply terrific; it seemed to burst right over her head and to roll around her in a prolonged titantle roar. She was about to run to the carriage when she heard the shrieks of fear from the two women; the driver was on his knees on the road praying. Joy felt that all she could do to help her mother and aunt would be to-keep calm—

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ing naturally its place amongst the things that germinate and develop unconsciously, swayed with and was swayed by the impulses of her sex. Beauty and manhood had twin position to the sex and the se

tion in her virgin breast.

Aunt Judy's insight or prophesy was being realized quicker than she

thought. Joy's sex had found her out!

(To be Continued.)

Accustom yourself to submit on ev

ery occasion to a small present evil to

obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone and energy to

the mind, which thus disciplined will

often reap victory from defeat and

"That pea will never come to perfec-

tion," remarked a young woman walk

ing through a garden with Sydney

"Then let me lead perfection to the pea," said he gallantly offering her his

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that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—George Washington,

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